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# The Register

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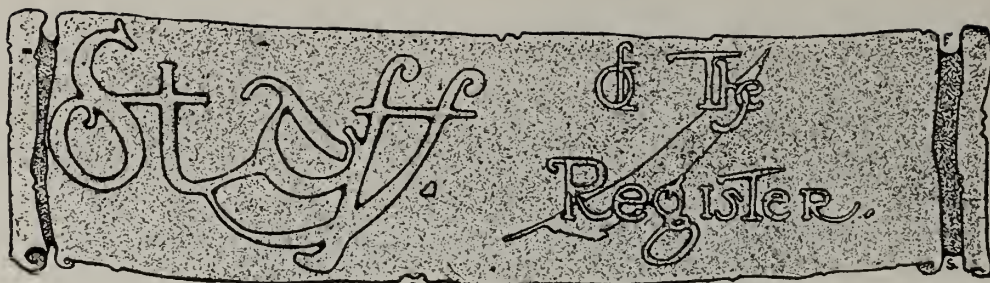
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**“ Haec in Hoc Libello Continentur ”**

Editorials :	PAGE
Three Hundred Years — A Long Life.....	4
Thirty-five and Thirty-fivers.....	5
College Board Examination Results .....	6
Modern Verse, a Prize Essay..... <i>Robert Wernick</i>	7
Latin School and Notre Dame..... <i>Frank E. Gartland</i>	11
Das Ungl ... .. <i>Sidney Sulkin</i>	14
Books .....	15
The Man .....	<i>Leonard Bernstein</i> 17
The Terror .....	<i>Norman Ober</i> 18
The Monastery .....	<i>Fred Locke</i> 21
Register's Raving Reporter .....	22
Memorabilia .....	25
Sports .....	28
Cover .....	<i>A. Daum and D. Powers</i>





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### THREE HUNDRED YEARS — A LONG LIFE

As the Boston Latin School enters upon its three-hundredth year of active service to the community, one is moved to ask why it has survived the pitfalls of time; what dynamic force has impelled it through the years, while other Latin grammar schools were discarded and superseded by the more popular academy?

Where shall we look for the solution to this problem? Does it lie with the illustrious names that adorn the walls of our school? Perhaps, but one is inclined to doubt the soundness of such a judgment; for, have not other schools had their geniuses, and is it not fair to suppose that those eminent statesmen of Colonial times who, in their youth, attended this school, did so merely because it was the only outstanding institution of its kind in this section of the country?

Yet, there are obvious flaws in such reasoning as this: why was Latin School outstanding? Because of the early hold it had gained on the community? That, too, may contain some truth, but it is by no means the full solution of the question confronting us. Possibly it was the dominant spirit of such noted headmasters as Ezekiel Cheever and John Lovell that tided the school over trying times in the life of the nation.

But we are convinced that Latin School has survived, not because of mere chance or because of the efforts of a few individuals, but because of its inherent aims and ideals. It was founded with the primary purpose, not of furnishing Harvard College with a constant supply of fresh tinder for the fires of learning (as some authorities have maintained), but "for the teaching and nourtering of children with us," so that they might be prepared, not merely for college, but for life in a flourishing community.

We hope our remarks may not be misconstrued as being derogatory to the more learned institutions, but it must be remembered that the college, in itself, is a means, and not an end. Thus it is that the Boston Latin School, with full recognition of the importance of training the student for further progress in education, and with even keener realization of its primary duty to society, has passed unscathed through three centuries—altered in aspect, perhaps, but steadfast in its essentials.

L. F. E.

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### THIRTY-FIVE AND THIRTY-FIVERS

The new year brings with it a series of events important to the Seniors and to the Alumni. The significance of the year demands a greater amount of co-operation and assistance from that fraction of the student body, which is necessarily concerned with these coming events—the Seniors. For the dances, banquets, year book, etc., must be successful. This problem lies with the Senior.

On the evening before Washington's Birthday, the Senior Class is to run a supper-dance at the Hotel Buckminster. The receipts of this dance are to go to the Class Fund. The success of subsequent class events depend, in a large part, upon the success of this dance.

So don your tuxedos, shine your shoes, pick out your most beautiful lady acquaintance, and lend your support to the class!

(Visitors always welcome.)

S. S.



## COLLEGE BOARD EXAMINATION RESULTS

It has been our custom for the past few years to announce publicly the names of those boys who received the highest marks in the College Board Examination. Just as our athletic heroes bring glory to the school, so do our scholars; and just as we praise our athletes, so should we praise our "brain men." In either case, the boys do credit to the school and to themselves.

The English Examination was much more difficult than the others, which were moderately easy. At any rate, each of these boys has done a fine piece of work.

Subject	Number of Highest Marks in Country	Number of Highest Marks in B. L. S.	Mark	Name
English 1-2 .....	1	1	100	Archer, Gleason L.
English Cp. ....	9	2	100	Damon, Albert
				McKenney, Elwood S.
German Cp-3 .....	4	1	97	Damon, Albert
German Cp.-2 .....	2	1	96	Shack, Julius L.
Latin Cp.-11 .....	4	2	100	Archer, Gleason L.
Latin Cp.-3 .....	5	2	100	Wernick, Robert E.
				Sulkin, Sidney
				Kalman, Bernard
French Cp.-2.....	5	1	100	Ebb, Lawrence F.
Math. A. ....	9	1	100	Vartigan, Vahey
Math. C. ....	12	2	100	Pollard, Harry
				Cohan, Gerard F.
Math. D. ....	4	1	100	Graves, Harold C.
Math. E. ....	4	2	100	Levine, Joseph
				Levine, Philip

In the competition for the Jacob Cooper Prize of \$1000 in three-year Greek, Archer and Wernick were second and third.

## IN MEMORIAM

It is with the deepest of regret that the classmates of Alfred Blando, '35, mourn his passing from their midst. He was not the leader of the class, nor was he the idol of the school; but as a "fellow," he enjoyed the deep and sincere friendship of all his companions, who find with his passing the abrupt breaking of a link in that vital chain—comradeship.



### PRIZE ESSAY FOR 1934 MODERN VERSE

By Robert Wernick, '34.

Modern verse—what typifies it? What is its most distinctive quality? Is it, to quote Upton Sinclair, "the meaningless, polysyllabic cacophony" of certain of the ultra-moderns? Or is it, as another has said, "the fragile, tenuous delicacy of Emily Dickinson and of certain of the Imagists?" Certainly it is rather difficult to dispose in one short phrase of an age which can produce such diversities as the reformist ardor of a Markham and the jingoistic frenzy of a Kipling, the virile optimism of a Henley and the dark fatalism of a Hardy, the profundities of a true philosopher like Santayana and the platitudinous inanities of an Edgar Guest, E. E. Cummings and Vachel Lindsay, A. E. Housman and Rupert Brooke, John Masefield and Amy Lowell and a hundred others, all with their own mission and ideals and poetic style, all with their own outlook on life, and all with their own manner of expressing that outlook. When most of the poets of our day have passed into oblivion, perhaps future ages will find in our era certain dominant characteristics common to such works as will have survived, and the last fifty years will go down in history as the age of Pessimism, or of Free Verse, or of Edgar Lee Masters, or of John Masefield, or, perchance of James Whitcomb Riley. But to us today, incapable as we are of attaining the perspective which only time can give, it is simply an age of confusion, in which schools and movements and individual poets set up high principles, break them, quarrel with one another, and finally disappear. It cannot be studied as a whole, as can, for ex-

ample, the Elizabethan Age, because we know it so well; and, as Lytton Strachey points out, the first requisite of the historian is ignorance. We can only form judgments of certain of its phases in the hope that we may anticipate the verdict of posterity. In this essay, then, the words "modern verse do not mean any definite "movement," nor do they imply a certain point of view or poetic creed. They simply form a generic term which covers all the diverse ideas and manners of writing of versifiers of the present day.

It is expected of all true poetry that it say something worth-while and that it present that something to the reader effectively. For the purposes of this work I shall regard the second as of greater importance. Of course, in purely didactic poetry the message or sermon is the primary consideration, but in most lyrics the subject matter is trivial, the important point being how that subject is treated. It is the manner of presentation, the way in which the author arouses in his readers the emotions which he himself feels that is fundamentally the test of good poetry. Bad writers have thoughts as pure and as profound and feelings as intense as those who have greater ability in transferring those thoughts and feelings to their audience; one cannot therefore call the bad the equal of the good because they are both the result of similar emotions. Nor does the mere choice of subject make a work ipso facto of value. Consider Keats's great sonnet "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." Now Keats was assuredly not the first

to feel a thrill of exaltation upon reading a book new to him. The same feeling had doubtless come to many who sought to put it on paper. They may conceivably have had emotions practically identical with Keats's; they may have been as sincere as he, and as passionate in their sincerity. But since they did not have his facility, his skill in writing rhythmic verses lilting with beauty, their efforts have almost all been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. It is true that Keats had to have a poetic mind before he could have written his sonnets, but the sole possessors of poetic minds are not merely the people whose works have found their way into the standard anthologies. Such a mind is owned to a varying degree by all of us, but only a few are poets, because only a few can translate thoughts which are common to a large part of mankind into language.

We cannot at this time pass on the intellectual and emotional qualities of our modern poets. We must leave it to our descendants to judge of the relative ability or genius of such as may still be remembered. At present we will be concerned only with the power of the poet to express himself, his capacity to convey to our minds and senses exactly what he wants us to receive. In this respect the moderns or some of them, have seized for themselves a vast advantage: they have rid themselves where they chose of the encumbrances of orthodox meter. No longer are they forced to "pad" their verses with ridiculous "opes" and "o'ers" and "doths"; no longer have they any excuse for ruining almost-perfect poems by such inversions as "The poetry of earth is ceasing never." Whitman, first of the

moderns, is a perfect example of how great poetry can be written without regard to established authorities on prosody.

"I believe that a leaf of grass is no less  
than the journey-work of the  
stars,

And the pismire is equally perfect, and  
a grain of sand, and the egg of the  
wren,

And the tree-load is a chef-d'oeuvre of  
the highest,

And the running-blackberry would  
adorn the parlors of heaven,

And the narrowest hinge in my hand  
puts to scorn all machinery,

And the cow, crunching with de-  
pressed head, surpasses any  
statue,

And a mouse is miracle enough to  
stagger sextillions of infidels.

One does not have to believe in the naturalistic credo here expressed to appreciate the excellence of the craftsmanship. The rhythm is simple and serene, but underneath it vibrates a lyrical ecstasy which makes it even more grandly impressive. What poet in the entire world could have written the same thing in conventional meter and have achieved the same effect? What collection of trochees and anapaests, even in the hands of a supreme master, could have presented in its true splendor the passionate grief of Whitman's magnificent *threnody*, "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed"?

Even the most ardent defender of the old order must admit that the freedom from old restraints thus nobly commenced has produced poetry of a singular beauty hitherto unattainable. Certainly many have gone too far.

The outlawry of capitals and marks of punctuation can be easily forgiven, but the discarding of rhythm entirely is a step that cannot be condoned. Such a monstrosity as this (said to be e e cummings's masterpiece),

supposing i dreamed all this)  
only imagine when day has thrilled  
you are a house around which  
i am a wind—

—listen, for (out of all  
things) dream is no ones fool;  
if this the wind who am i prowls  
carefully around this house of you

may possibly be of interest to the author's own esoteric coterie—or to a psychoanalyst, but its effect on the current of modern poetry is negligible and it is useless to consider it as of vital or lasting value.

Though many poets have achieved fame and fortune along the new and untried parts of vers libre, the majority of their brethren have been content to trudge up Parnassus by the well-worn beaten track. Most famous of the conservatives, of course, is Rudyard Kipling, apostle of the white man's burden. It is perhaps unfair to turn him a conservative, since, in spite of his reactionary politics, he marked a complete break with the past as far as poetry was concerned. His works represent a glorification of the common, the ordinary, the prosaic. With all his faults, and their name is legion, his poetry breathes a life and vigor lacking in English verse since Browning; and his "Barrack Room Ballads," jingles though they are, are very well constructed jingles, which will probably be studied for their swinging rhythm long after the political views they represent have gone to a well-deserved junk-heap. Kipling is at his

best when he writes stories, stories crammed with action and with dramatic effects which make them so popular with elocutionists. "Gunga Din," with all its theatricality, is a masterpiece in its way with its vigorous and typical Kiplingesque meter. Its movement is as fast and absorbing as is its action and the now-hackneyed ending is an excellent piece of phraseology.

Much like Kipling in his spirit, if not in his philosophy, is Vachel Lindsay, "the man who brought ragtime to poetry." When the learned antiquarians of coming centuries make their learned studies of Early Twentieth Century Versification, they will most assuredly regard as a masterpiece his famous chant, "The Congo," not by any means because it is "a study of the Negro race," as its author fondly, but, I fear, mistakenly supposed it to be, but because it is the most superb chant that our age has produced. It is written in a variety of tempos, chiefly ragtime interspersed with moments of philosophic calm like eddies in a whirling current. It is by no means faultless; it frequently runs away with itself in its attempt to be impressive; and at moments it comes close to being ludicrous. In more ways than one it is the counterpart of a huge brass band blaring away in a parade. The music may have no meaning; it may at times be a series of loud moronic flourishes; the instruments may be out of tune; the boom of the bass drum may drown out every attempt at beauty the rest of the band may be attempting to attain. But one is not looking for delicate nuances of meaning in a march. He wishes to be swept off his feet, to give up his individuality and join the cheering crowd.

surrendering his reason and his intellect to the overpowering surge of his emotions. The same is true to a lesser degree of "The Congo," which on close inspection reveals many glaring faults, but which, when delivered by an expert, becomes a thing of tremendous power. Its message, if it has one, is insignificant; its art is truly intoxicating.

All I could see from where I stood  
Was three long mountains and a wood;  
I turned and looked the other way,  
And saw three islands in a bay.  
So with my eyes I traced the line  
Of the horizon, thin and fine,  
Straight around till I was come  
Back to where I'd started from.

The first reaction of any normal reader to the above would be "What doggerel!" And doggerel it certainly is, and of a sentimental schoolgirl at that. Yet "Renascence," the poem which is thus begun, is without doubt one of the master works of the century. Surely never had masterpieces so unpromising a beginning. On second and more careful reading, however, it is apparent that even the ingenuousness, not to say puerility, of the first few lines is an artful device to disarm the reader entirely and to establish a friendly contact between him and the poet. Once this has been done, we find the prattling jingle of the introduction gradually giving way to the impressive rhythms of the body of the work, although the same meter and rhyme scheme are used throughout. Every change in mood experienced by the young girl lying on the grass is reflected by the versification. When she first snatches at a true realization of infinity, it is exalted and fervid; when she suffers in unison

with the wretched throughout the earth, it is broken and throbbing; when she ends her poem on a note of quiet certainty, it is stately and measured. "Renascence" is great from any standpoint, from that of composition the future.

Whitman, Kipling, Lindsay, Millay—here are four modern poets, chosen almost at random, four who are considered great or near-great today. Whatever posterity may think of them, whatever their true place may be among the great of the world, whatever their effect on the literature of tomorrow, all are typical of the break with tradition which has characterized our era. The writers of today no longer rhapsodize sentimentally over flowers and brooks; they have sought, as indeed have all the great geniuses of literature, to transcend cheap sentiment and reach—something higher. Whether they have succeeded, we cannot tell. At least they have not been like Masters' "Petit, the Poet,"

. . . Life all around me here in the  
village:  
Tragedy, comedy, valor and  
truth,  
Courage, constancy, heroism,  
failure—  
All in the loom, and, oh, what  
patterns!  
Woodlands, meadows, streams  
and rivers—  
Blind to all of it all my life long.  
Triolets, villanelles, rondels, ron-  
deaux,  
Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick,  
tick,  
Tick, tick, tick, what little iam-  
bics,  
While Homer and Whitman  
roared in the pines!



**LATIN SCHOOL AND NOTRE DAME**

Frank E Gartland, C S C—ITALIC

(The following article has been written by an alumnus of our school who wants to give an idea of the real Notre Dame. Since he has had connections both with the Boston Latin School and with Notre Dame, he is well qualified to paint a tone picture of the college for the high school.)

It is seven years since I was graduated from the Latin School, and I suppose it is only natural that in the meantime I have grown somewhat mature and a bit the more wise. At any rate I can say now that I appreciate more deeply and sincerely the aim and ideals of the Latin School, its glorious tradition and history, and the influence and character of its superior faculty. I can live over again, and not without profit, the day when Headmaster Campbell was at once kind and severe: kind for withholding a censure, but severe for informing my dad by way of a solemn letter of a misdemeanor of mine. I remember the day that my childish deportment provoked Mr. Rich to reprimand me before the class with the curt, cutting words (as I thought them then), "For heaven's sake, restrain those inhibitions of yours." Well, these were scenes that I growled about then and laugh about now: precious examples of discipline laden with fruit, steps in the building of character. And so now my picture of the Latin School is better proportioned than it used to be because the old school sets back in the sober perspective of a decade of time and quite a few miles of space.

After the Latin School years we spread out. And were it not for the REGISTER we should have difficulty narrating the paths we have since separately walked. For a long time I have wanted to tell you something of Notre Dame. Frankly, I think that what I shall say will come to you after the manner of news, since I take it your practical knowledge of Notre Dame has been gained from the press, with the possible net result that Notre Dame is for you only another spelling for football. *Which is a quite erroneous concept of the real Notre Dame.* I need not assure you that football, no matter how good, could never suffice to motivate anyone in his wits to lay down his life to become a priest-professor at Notre Dame,—I mean, no puny reason but only some sacred conviction could effect an absolute break with the world we all love so dearly, and a promise to live the life of a monk, poor, chaste, and obedient, and that forever.

The first two years at N. D. I was an ordinary lay student, spending two happy semesters in the ultra-democratic (almost communistic) Brownson dormitory. The second year, by contrast, I lived in a quasi-luxurious private room in Morrissey Hall of the swanky gold coast on the edge of the lake. One day during my freshman year I went to South Bend, alone, to pick up my wrist-watch which was being repaired. I had forgotten to show up at the gym for a massive "pep" meeting before the team went East for the Army game. This was an unpardonable sin against S. A. C. ethics. (The Students' Activities Council.) I happened to be the only student returning from town as the last cheers in the gym were dying out. There was an old woman on the street car beside me. As the trolley sped north toward the last stop, the University gate, I saw a great crowd milling about the campus postoffice. In all my life, I was never so scared. The motorman refused to

let me off. *I should have run to the back window, pulled off the trolley and jumped out; but I didn't.* When the car stopped, over two thousand students hemmed it in on all sides. Politely they let the lady step out. Then through the back window climbed two burly, sweatshirted sophomores. They asked me no questions. I told them no lies. I did not even tell them the truth,—nonsense confessing my errand. They threw me out the front door. I landed,—not on the ground, and not gently either—into a sea of hands. Everybody wanted the honor of grabbing a piece of me. About ten of the more fortunate, holding my nervous ankles and quivering wrists, lugged me across the principal Quadrangle right past the bronze, sedate statue of Notre Dame's founder, Father Sorin (he might have winked at the travesty), then past Sorin Hall, everybody jeering and cheering ceaselessly because of their prize capture. A few nearby wisecrackers popped silly questions at me, "Dja hava good time?" "What's her name?" Somebody's grip let go as we neared Corby Hall, and I started to dry upside down on the ground. A hundred yards more and I should be swung thrice and then splashed into St. Mary's Lake. November! Suddenly the Chairman of the Blue Circle, the Vigilance Committee subsidiary to the S. A. C., dashed his way to my side. "You fellows, let go!" I bounded on the turf. "No lake today, the water's too cold. The committee will take him." Angry, the mob gave me up. Some kind person slipped me my watch; they had taken it off, considerate souls, so it wouldn't get wet. Then off I was marched to vigilance quarters in Sorin Hall. I expected the paddles, but they only gave me a lecture, admitting the guilt to be less because I was only a freshman, and then let go. The fellow who prevented my dunking is another Bostonian, and (laugh as you read it) he hailed from dear English High!

Now to the University proper. Some people are quick to lay Notre Dame's fame to the sport we call football. No one denies they are partly right. Certainly because of the superior Notre Dame teams, the University is a popular place. But the University's good reputé, her just fame are built on a different base. Why does Notre Dame grip the heart of Americans like West Point and Annapolis? Speak of these three, and people think right away of *character-training*. Talk about Oxford, and deep learning comes first into the mind. Mention Technology, and research work flashes into the brain. Not that Army and Navy and Notre Dame do not make scholars and men of inventive research,—assuredly they do—but simply that first and before everything else they make MEN, men of character. That is their principal purpose, the building of integral men, men evenly balanced, cultured in mind and body and heart. Yet even among themselves, these three differ, for each has its own special flavor, its spirit and air. In respect to religion, naturally Notre Dame differs from both.

Yes, Notre Dame is a university almost unique; it is a little world in itself, suffused with the spirit of peace and goodwill, quiet learning, and masculine sport; it is one great family of wholesome and sturdy men; a place of integral living; and I would add, a sanctuary of sacramental living and prayer, though I acknowledge that perhaps for some of you this fuller living, as we believe it to be, is either unintelligible or unacceptable. Such matters we cannot touch here.

Notre Dame's is a story only a century old, yet packed with worthwhile achievements for the Nation and God. Its original capital was four hundred dollars and a boundless spirit of faith. Founded in 1842 by a French priest, Father Edward Sorin, and six Brothers of Holy Cross, Notre Dame has grown into the largest men's boarding university in the world,—nearly three thousand beds on the shores of its lakes, ten thousand meals served daily in its gigantic refectory, twelve hundred acres, forty buildings: that is the physical plant. The University is divided into five colleges: Arts and Letters, Science, Engineering, Commerce and Law. Last year these counted 2617 students from forty-eight states and twelve foreign lands. The faculty numbers 215, of whom sixty are priests. The constant and successful policy of the Congregation of Holy Cross has been to provide the University with a faculty second to none. This reminds me of a charge preferred against Notre Dame just a year ago and Father John F. O'Hara's reply. An eastern educator emeritus was anxious as to the University's intellectual position and its disposition of an "exorbitant" income from football. Father O'Hara declared his surprise that the gentleman "was unaware of the international respect won by Notre Dame for its spiritual work." Then he added, "Advanced studies have been pursued by our priest-teachers at Vienna, Rome, Oxford, Paris, and Madrid in Europe, and at the University of California, California Institute of Technology, Catholic University, Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, Johns Hopkins and other universities in the United States." As to the assumption that highly publicized football is inimical to the intellectual interests of the University, he said, "If we ever find this to be the case, we will drop football without a moment's hesitation. . . . It is an open secret that at Notre Dame receipts from football games go into a general fund, and sports which previous to 1913 were carried on at a heavy loss to the general fund now contribute to the academic support of the university. . . . Of the \$4,000,000 income of the material plant during the last twelve years, only twenty percent was devoted to athletic purposes." This means one thing; an intrinsic bond between eighty percent of Notre Dame's material income and the intellectual development of the University: the doctorate for her priest-professors, up-to-date apparatus for further scientific research, the most modern in classrooms and dormitories, and notable additions to the lay faculty. Special lecturers during the last few years have been Etienne Gilson of the Sorbonne; Jacques Maritain, the outstanding scholastic philosopher of our day; Gilbert Keith Chesterton, essayist and critic; Shane Leslie of the "Dublin Review"; Dr. Franco Bruno Averardi of the University of Florence. And there was the ever lovable Charles Phillips, author and humanist, a renowned campus favorite till his death a little over a year ago.

It would be easy to go on. I might point to a thousand other Notre Dame glories and men,—to Knute Rockne, for one, whose noble life was the witness of what he had held, that "Sportsmanship is an attitude toward the other fellow . . . a philosophy of living . . . a real application of the Golden Rule." Oh, how Rockne scorned flabbiness, moral or mental or physical shoddiness! Or I might turn the spotlight on Father Julius A. Nieuyland.



who a short while back discovered synthetic rubber in Notre Dame's Chemistry Hall. A witty soul he, despite his unending research: one day as I sat at breakfast with him, he wanted to know where the white of the snow went after it melted. I told him he asked the wrong man. "Why, you dumb-bell," he said, "it goes the same place as the hole in that doughnut you're eating." And then there was Notre Dame's poet par excellence, Father Charles L. O'Donnell, who died an heroic death only last June. Here is an excerpt from his open letter to the London "Saturday Review" which rounds out the concept of the real Notre Dame:

"... Some of the earliest successful research work in aviation and wireless telegraphy was done at Notre Dame; fifty years ago, one of the greatest living Italian artists (Gregori) was brought to Notre Dame to decorate the college Church and other buildings with mural paintings that are among the glories of the school to this day; the literary traditions of Notre Dame are derived directly from the New England group of Longfellow and Lowell and Charles Dana in this country, and in England from Robert Louis Stevenson through his friend Charles Warren Stoddard, for many years a professor at Notre Dame; the University of Notre Dame was a pioneer in establishing an award for distinguished service in all lines of endeavor, and for forty-nine years the Laetare Medal has been the most prized distinction which an American lay Catholic could receive; the University of Notre Dame possesses one of the best Dante libraries in the world and one of the finest art collections of early Italian masters; the archives and incunabula of the University attracts research workers from all over the United States."

Notre Dame is, finally, an influence world-wide, for it is far more than merely itself. It is the hub and life-center of an international educational system extending from the primary grades to the doctor's degree, an organism alive with the spirit of character-training and of education that attains to balanced and integral living; physical culture, moral perfection, intellectual growth.

There are two Bay State affiliates: one, a high school conducted by Brothers, Coyle Memorial, Taunton; the other, a pre-philosophy seminary for Holy Cross priests-to-be, Our Lady of Holy Cross at North Dartmouth, named after its counterpart, our original Motherhouse, Notre Dame de Sainte-Croix, Le Mans, France. It is worthy of note that eight Latin School men in my class ('28) are nearing the priesthood. And we are all well agreed that our earlier training in Latin and Greek and the Latin School disciplinary system were an apt beginning for the life to which we are called.

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### DAS UNGLUCK

Der Wind war ganz erschrocken  
Und sah die Blätter an,  
Die aus dem Baume fielen—  
Das hatte er getan . . .

Er floh mit leichten Schritten,  
Und bald war er zurück,  
Und deckte mit weisser Decke  
Das schreckliche Unglück.  
Sidney Sulkin.





Seizing the hilt of our whetted pen, we draw it forth from its gleaming scabbard and plunge valiantly into the thick of the fray. With the battle-cry of "A Stein" upon our lips, we rally about the drooping banner of chivalry and prepare to wage war to the bitter end with those who have heaped vilification and calumny upon the name we so staunchly defend.

\* \* \* \*

Please forgive the fanfare with which we have opened our column, dear reader, but a certain situation has decidedly aroused our phlegmatic temperament. Though not easily moved by wrath, we cannot contemplate with equanimity the savage attacks made upon Miss Stein's literary works by those who have never read a line of them. On the other hand, do not assume, because of our stirring bombast, that we have actually espoused the cause of this hyper-experimentalist. As a matter of fact, we are inclined to regard her volumes with a great deal of suspicion and distrust. Since, however, there is no doubt that Gertrude Stein is the focal point of a battle that is still raging in literary circles, we feel called upon to acquaint the reader with certain phases of her work.

As we see it, the intention of this writer is, apparently, to create a type of poetry or prose that conveys a thought or emotion by means of a beautiful musical language of her own—with the emphasis on her own. This is not precisely, an original idea; for numerous poets have experimented with metrical systems and have studied the effect of various vowel and consonant sounds upon the reader. Edgar Allan Poe, in particular, was an exponent of this type of experimentation. As Louis Untermeyer, in "American Poetry to Whitman," says: "In spite of Poe's elaborate theories of versification, there is little of the full-toned orchestral timbre which is the property of the English language. Once in a while, Poe employs a choir of brasses, bells and percussive instruments. Usually, however, his melodies, even the most enchanting ones, are sung by elegiac flutes. Wraith-like harps, and indefinite, almost disembodied, violas. His very insistence on the tonal value of verse misled him, and this insistence on euphonic suggestiveness—the letter 'I' was almost an obsession with him—is responsible for much that is (poetically speaking) spurious."

One thing, however, saved Poe from

staking his reputation (or what was left of it) on a type of poetry consisting of musical language and nothing else—and that was his innate sense of logic. One of his friends and contemporaries, fortunately for this column, lacked the mental balance that he possessed; and this poet, Thomas Holly Chivers, resembles Gertrude Stein in his style more than any other that has crossed our path. We are informed that Miss Stein has always been interested in psychology and metaphysics. Chivers, we believe, surpassed even that energetic scribe of our own period; for, to quote Untermeyer again: "He dabbled in spiritual phenomena; dallied in turn with Swedenborgianism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Associationism." Some unidentified literary critic once composed the following formula for Chivers, and we suspect that certain of our modern literati would not be averse to applying it—with certain omissions, modifications, and additions, of course—to Gertrude Stein:

Shelley .....	30%
Poe .....	20%
Mild Idiocy .....	20%
Gibbering Idiocy .....	10%
Raving Mania .....	10%
Sweetness and originality.....	10%

If you have ever looked askance at verse written by Miss Stein, then what must you think of the following stanza taken from Chiver's "Rosalie Lee":

"Many mellow Cydonian suckets,  
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,  
From the Ruby-rimmed Berylline  
buckets,  
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline—

Like that sweet golden goblet found  
growing

On the wild emerald Cucumber-  
tree—

Rice, brilliant, like Chrysoprase  
blowing—

I then brought to my Rosalie  
Lee—

To my Lamb-like Rosalie Lee—

To my Dove-like Rosalie Lee—

To my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee."

In view of the fact that numerous parodies of Miss Stein's literary productions have appeared of late in the Register and other publications of note, it is interesting to observe that the late John Galsworthy seems to have been the father of these parodists. In 1926 he delivered an address "On Expression" to the English Association, and referred to the authoress several times during the course of his remarks. For instance, while speaking of experimentalists, he quoted "a couple of paragraphs chosen at random from the work of a transatlantic writer, because a rising, nay, a risen—compatriot has termed her the most important pioneer in the field of Letters in his time:

"When she was quite a young one she knew she had been in a family living and that that family living was one that any one could be one not have been having if they were to be one being one thinking about being one having been having family living."

Further on in his discourse, Galsworthy spoke on over-expression, and it is at this juncture that he parodied the literary style of Gertrude Stein:

"Some Victorian scribe, we must suppose, once wrote: "Stretching herself with feline grace, and emitting

those sounds immemorially connected with satisfaction, Grimalkin lay on a rug whose richly variegated pattern spoke eloquently of the Orient and all the wonders of the Arabian Nights.' And an exasperated reader annotated the margin with: 'The cat was on the mat.' How our scribe will express the occurrence we do not yet know. Thus, perhaps: 'What there is of cat is cat is what of cat there lying cat is what on what of mat lying cat.' The reader will probably annotate the margin: 'Some cat!'"

As for Gertrude Stein herself, we are convinced that she is not merely an officious intruder in the literary world. In her youth she studied at John Hopkins Medical School and at Radcliffe, where she was "the most brilliant student of William James, the famous psychologist. Her early experimental volumes, "The Making of Americans" and "Tender Buttons," have been widely praised by critics noted for their rationality and expertness in the field of literary criticism. On the other hand, these works have been received with puzzled wonder by the laymen.

It is results that count (if you can suffer the platitude), and personal opinion is of little value in such a case as this. The fact remains that Gertrude Stein has influenced a genera-

tion of writers, including such of the literati as Sherwood Anderson and her pupil, Ernest Hemingway. To the charge of obscurity, therefore, she may very well repeat the words of Browning: "I can have little doubt that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never deignedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game at dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole I get my deserts, and something over—not a crowd but a few I value more."

On second thoughts, Miss Stein has no need of falling back upon the words of another. When confronted with a stanza from her opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts," and a bit of drivel written by a patient in the Glasgow Mental Hospital, and when asked to explain the alleged similarity between the two, she is reported as having said: "After all, people in asylums may be perfectly normal human beings except for one mania. The test is that you can't go on reading these asylum writings, and people have gone on reading mine for years."

Lawrence F. Ebb, '35.

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### THE MAN . . . .

I walked and met Theocritus,  
His beard was long and gray—  
I stopped and asked Theocritus,  
"Wherefore is the day?"

I walked and met Theocritus—  
His beard was long and white—  
I stopped and asked Theocritus—  
"Wherefore is the night?"

Then answered me Theocritus,  
"The night and day were made  
So that you and I could suffer,  
And live, and be afraid . . . ."  
Leonard Bernstein, '35.

**THE TERROR**

Norman Alfred Ober, '36.

A spasmodic twitch . . . and the short-lived battle ended. A gaping wound on his neck, from which there still seeped a gory crimson, told the story. Over him, seemingly in startled fascination for the moment, towered the most ferocious, the most feared, and most hunted tigress of the jungle . . . "Stripped Terror." The she-devil panted heavily, not so much from exhaustion as, perhaps, from excitement. A queer sound, almost like a whistle, came forth from her throat, as she bent to dispose of her latest victim. Ironically enough, the hunter's head-gear still stood at a rakish and daring angle, indicating that the youthful game-chaser had once been gay and dashing; but to the Terror, the ruler of the jungle, he was merely another enemy, a mortal man, whom she had learned to hate, and almost . . . to fear. Ripping, snarling, gnashing her molars, the Terror of the jungle made short work of the body; then she licked her lips and trotted off into the underbrush.

Colonel Turner sat at the table. Managing a fan with his left hand, he reached out his right and grasped a tumbler, which he raised to his lips with a quivering motion. He returned the tumbler to its place, and spoke: "And now we're without the services of our best man; I tell you, Basil, I'm getting deuced disturbed. He was positively identified by his ring . . . the one his lady game 'im . . . right hard on her, too, y'know . . . and then the mark of the broken tooth. Basil, it was the Terror, up to 'er blarsted tricks again. We've got to get rid of 'er. We've got to put 'er

out of the way. Drat it, that makes seven men in four months, and that devil still roams around in that cursed underbrush, where no one can catch sight of 'er . . . 'til they 'ear that whistle . . . then it's too late. I tell you, Basil, I'm done with your fool's plans. If the British government is paying me to exterminate the worst cursed menace these jungle eyes of mine 'ave ever seen, I'm going to do it, and do it my way!" He had been speaking vehemently, and the force somewhat unsettled him. The silent man jumped to his feet and rushed over to him, easing him slowly back into seat.

"Now, my dear colonel," purred his aide, "ou really mustn't excite yourself. It's against orders."

"Sorry, Basil," the colonel mumbled. "Y'know, I loved 'im like a father."

"We all did, colonel. These fatalities have hit me quite as hard as they have you. It shows that only a definite plan of proceeding against the Terror, overlooking not the slightest detail, can give us assurance of success. Don't excite yourself. Rather stop a moment, and consider the situation, how best we may combat the animal cunning of—"

"Yes, yes, of course! Stop the bloomin' book-talk. You're always bustin' out with some cursed tally-rand that has nothing to do with the subject. I know what you mean. It's what I've been thinkin' for months. And I have a plan, too. I thought it out m'self. An' what's more important, I'm going to carry it out m'self. I—"



"Now, colonel, remember the doctor's orders. The condition of your body is far from—" A weird whistle, horrible in its familiarity, startled the two men. The colonel leaped with surprising agility to where his gun rested, and bounded out the front door of the cabin, in time to see a frightened mass of blacks rush into the clearing.

"Well, you black devil, what did he do now? Speak up, you fool."

The reply came from the quivering lips of a terrified black, "Terror kill-um Sam. He got spear in back. No die. Run 'way."

The colonel issued orders for the body to be retrieved. Sam had been the tribe's medicine-man. Despite his inherited superstitions, he had been a brave man. All day the colonel kept silent. That night he scarcely touched the food on the table. Even Basil had sense enough not to disturb the colonel. He merely cleared the table and retired to his room, determined to keep an eye on the "old duffer."

The following morning Basil was startled when he went to call the colonel for breakfast to find that the bed had not been disturbed. Some time during the night the old colonel had crept out of the house. He had melted away into one of the many paths of the jungle, into which many had gone before him, never to return.

Basil, now in command, quickly organized a searching party of unwilling negroes and sent them off into different parts of the jungle, well realizing that the colonel, more familiar with the depths of the dense forest than the oldest native, would never be found unless, faint hope, he returned himself.

At sundown, when the bands of

negroes were returning one by one from different parts of the forest, a single figure, ragged and weary, stepped into the cabin and sank into the folds of the easy-chair.

Basil uttered a glad shout when he saw the old colonel. "Colonel Turner! Oh, for heaven's sake, where did you go?" Then, recovering his dignity, "Great guns, man, have you lost your reason? Tell me; are you insane, man? Haven't you enough sense to keep out of that jungle at night? Naturally, you didn't give a thought—"

"Basil," the colonel cried, "you should have been there. When I say I'm the only man that cursed cat fears, I mean it. Two bullets I put in her hide. Three times I saw her. She was scared, but came back for more. She's weak, Basil, and beginning to repent her life of sin."

"Egad, man, you are mad. Facing that tigress alone in the midst of that jungle, death staring you in the face from behind every tree, from every—"

"Quiet, Basil. You know something . . . I want to catch her alive! I want to cage her and watch her every day, right out there in that clearing, roaring, snarling, spitting, but eating out of our hands, and liking it. I'm going to get her alive, too. I've found out how."

That night the colonel made no attempt to leave the house. Instead, Basil guarding him every minute of the night, the old man kept his head buried in one of the volumes he had in his possession dealing with the habits of jungle-dwellers. Every now and then he would make some annotation on a scrap of paper, mumbling to himself.

The next morning, Doctor Bailey, the American, came on his regular

visit to the colonel. The two had a very long conversation in private, much to the discomfort of Basil, who roamed back and forth in front of the door in the hope of hearing what was going on.

The colonel slapped the doctor's back in extremely good humor as the young American left with the promise to "get the stuff in about a week." Indeed, the colonel's high spirits continued throughout the following six or seven days. Basil, mystified as ever, was on guard for a surprise move.

"It is extremely unreasonable on your part to keep me in the dark as to your plans," he said more than once. "The government pays me to help you, but you scorn my advances. You refuse to permit me to earn the cheque which I receive every month." But even the mention of the British government, the colonel's weakest point, did not break the colonel's silence.

The doctor returned with a small package under his arm. Another private consultation took place. Basil was exasperated. He was determined now to keep the colonel in his sight at all times. But one small incident that slipped his attention was the pill that the colonel dropped in his coffee at the evening meal.

Basil was entirely dead to the world when the colonel, his gun in his right hand and a lengthy, glistening sliver of metal in the other, set off into the forest.

The colonel, with an air of familiarity, made his way along the beaten path, advancing farther and farther into the jargon of underbrush. Almost as though he knew where the tigress lay in wait, the colonel made his way through the density with a grim cer-

tainty. When, apparently, he had reached his destination, he seated himself on the ground with his back to a tree. Almost immediately his efforts were rewarded. The dangling form of a huge rattle-snake was stretching nearer and nearer the prosecutive prey. With a sudden motion, the colonel turned about, drove the metal object into the side of the snake's head and squeezed a rubber ball on the end he held in his hand. Almost immediately the snake slid to the ground and lay still. Now the colonel proceeded to make certain that it would never awaken. There was only one animal that would venture as close to the edge of the jungle; and, now that he had provided her with something to tear apart, the colonel hid himself and waited for her arrival.

Several hours later the wary tigress slowly made her way through the enveloping underbrush and came upon the dead in her familiar haunts. But she was suspicious. There was a smell of man in the air, and the tigress was taking no chances. She was not long in locating the colonel, who was muttering prayers to himself with great speed. She uttered a growl, crouched back, and sprang, without wasting any time on ceremony. This was the man who had in some mysterious manner sent two messengers of pain into her tough hide.

The colonel dodged quickly, sending the point of his weapon into a spot in the tigress' flank, squeezing the rubber ball, and withdrawing it, while the tigress howled in pain. But there was not enough strength in his weapon, whatever it was, to down the fighting devil. With a bound, she was upon him, clawing, biting, scratching, almost

overpowering the colonel as he tried to keep his neck clear, when she suddenly fell back, limp, unconscious. The colonel, barely conscious, dragged an iron cage on wheels from the recesses of the thick foliage and managed to force the huge beast into it. He locked the door, and fell unconscious at the foot of the cage.

Some time afterwards, Basil ventured to ask the colonel how he had ever managed to capture the beast. The two were standing beside a cage in the center of the settlement, in which the Terror threatened all day long.

"Well, Basil, now I've these cursed bandages off my face, I suppose I can move my jaws a bit," said the colonel, as he tossed a piece of meat to the tigress. "You remember all the deuced privacy I had with the American . . . devilish fine fellow, by the way . . . He told me how I could knock the Terror here unconscious.

That is, he confirmed what I already suspected, that I might be able to capture the devil alive if I could inject some high-powered drops into 'er body. The doc told me 'ow to do it, an' got me the sword. He made it 'imself, 'ollow in th' middle, a needle an' a rubber ball on the ends. Clever contraption, eh' Basil? Well, I went out an' got the bloody gal, but she nearly bowled me over. The doc there followed me, I guess; found me by the cage, completely gone . . . er . . . restin' up after the tussle, an' carted me home atop o' the cage."

"Well," came from Basil, "I must confess that I have never before seen such an exhibition of daring. I might add that the British Government owes you a very large debt of gratitude, and—"

"Gad, Basil, it looks as though the rain might come early this season; what say?"

### THE MONASTERY

The fragrance of the flowers in your  
hair

Is dead; and yet we never wandered  
far.

Where are you now, I ask, but never  
dare

To give reply, lest this scene I mar.

Here have I dreamt in sweet solitude's  
arms,

Here have I lain or sat in a straw-  
backed chair,

And through the years recalled to life  
your charms.

Do you hear the bells recalling me to  
prayer?

Or sense the presence of my spirit  
near?

Or smell the fragrance of the per-  
fumed air?

O, tell me not, I know 'tis but my fear,  
That foolish fear that maybe you have  
left.

O, speak to me again with words as  
fair

As when we met beside the great oak's  
cleft.

L o u d e r g r o w t h e b e l l s,  
a n d I a m t i r e d.

P e r h a p s a g a i n w e ' l l  
m e e t a c r o s s t h e b a y,  
E m b r a c e a n d k i s s a n d  
t r y t o m e n d t h e p a s t.

Fred Locke,, '37.

## RAMBLINGS OF THE R. R. R.



Dec. 3 Assembly: Classes I, II, and III. Mr. Powers presented the valiant "footballers" to a very appreciative audience. In fact, the boys clapped so hard that they were unable to hold pencils for two hours . . . One of the team—perhaps, you've heard of him—MacLaughlin, a half-back, informs us that the team got a great kick out of beating English . . . A dashing display of forensic ability was shown to the eager student body at 2:35 in Room 236. In other words, "Ye goode olde Debating Clube a meetinge didst have."

Dec. 4. At last the R. R. R. finds out the reason for that brilliant loving-cup in the teacher's room; to wit:

Won by Boston Latin School

A. L. Faxon

H. R. Gardner

F. H. Pike

L. W. Arnold

W. H. J. Kennedy

Dec. 5. We humbly apologize to Mr. McGuffin for mentioning the ancient vintage of his car, for he claims that his famous "flivver" is not a '23, but a '24. And while we are on

the subject of apologies, we might as well offer them to Mr. Weners, for we have ascertained that he is the proud possessor of a 1933 Nash, which has a gas tank (see Christmas Issue) capable of functioning creditably . . . The Latin and the Physics Clubs held their weekly meetings. At the Physics Club, Turetsky of Class II completely dumbfounded the Class I members by a talk on phosphorescence and fluorescence.

Dec. 6. On the blackboard in 120—"Sons of 120, unite against the common enemy, 119 . . ." What goes on here? Civil War?

Dec. 7. According to Mr. Wilbur, a pun's a pun in any language, so he obliged us by quoting one in Latin: "Malo malo malo malo," or in English, (so that all may be able to understand) "I'd rather be in an apple tree, than an evil man in adversity." . . . The new Radio Club met in Room 226 and befrazzled the board with weird diagrams, and filled the air with strange cries . . . On this day did our trusty janitor squad eject two bedraggled pooches, who entered the building, probably seeking company.

Dec. 10. The coldest day in "y'ars." The temperature was almost as low as the R. R. R.'s "math" mark. Boy! It sure must have been cold . . . The Literary Club should have had a meeting today . . . Once more we yield to the inevitable horrors of "Dec."

Dec. 11. The boys in Mr. Shea's chemistry class have finally picked their theme song: "I Never Had a Chance." Boys taking geometry can be heard singing, "I'm Looking for an Angel." And the unanimous choice for the theme song of the entire Latin School is, "Lost in a Fog" . . .



Speaking of songs, the French Club today, after a talk by Mr. Arnold, held a community singing period in French, and reports have it that they sounded as good as our own esteemed Glee Club.

Dec. 12. Mr. McGuffin was forced to use the trusty can of alcohol on his limousine today. After only three doses, the motor, mirabile dictu, started . . . Only 777,600 seconds to go until the Xmas Vacation . . . Latin Club had their weekly meeting. Nothing exciting happened.

Dec. 13. Today we regret to say nothing worth reporting happened.

Dec. 14. Says Herr "Fitzy" to "Buddy Mac": "When do you sweat the most, Bud, when you're playing a football game—taking the ball, kicking, tackling, or running?" Says "Buddy Mac" to Herr "Fitzy": "The only time I ever sweat is when I'm doing homelessons." . . . The December showers have finally affected the R. R. R., and he has decided to abandon column writing (Loud cheers!) and turn poet. Herewith the future Poet Laureate presents his first poetic gem:

The rain is raining all around,  
It rains on ponds and trees  
It rains on Turkish cigarettes.  
And cross-eyed Chinese fleas.

. . .

Dec. 17. Assembly of the lower classes . . . Believe it or not: There is a tennis team at B. L. S. . . . During our daily stroll around the building we came upon a bright, ambitious Sixth Classman mapping out his campaign for the presidency six (or seven) years hence. This younger generation! . . . Rumor hath it that a certain Latin master, who is reputed to

be quite a whistler, has taken up the Yo-Yo craze, started by Class VI.

Dec. 18. In order to uphold the custom of presenting foreign puns in this column, the R. R. R. presents one in French, and inasmuch as he has taken only three years of French you'll have to dope this one out yourself: "Après le dejeuner nous prendrons du cafe dans de fumier" . . . Speaking of foreign languages, "teneris undique" was translated, "You are tender everywhere."

Dec. 19. Mr. C. Fitzgerald's latest simile: "as dumb as the fellow who thought Liverpool was a butcher's game." . . . By the way, track is under way. As we stroll around, we cannot help admiring the cute uniforms. . . . The annual catalogs were passed out. Did you notice the names of famous graduates as the big new feature? . . . The Physics Club met in Room 316. . . . Declamation Tryouts: Our budding young Websters fill the air with their oratory and keep the building warm.

Dec. 20. Query: What teacher claims his home-room class is so bright that it hurts his eyes? . . . Heard in the corridors: "What's the difference between a barber and a sculptor?" "One curls up and dyes, and the other makes faces and busts."

Dec. 21. On this day did an irate committee of four, frothing at the mouth with anger, the Class Committee, to be exact, come tearing into the inner recesses of the sacred sanctum. Swiftly they routed the R. R. R. from his noon-day nap 'neath the three-legged table, and thrusting a copy of the Register, just issued, before his face, they rebuked him for omitting their names from his column. So-o-o-o, in order that he may not receive an-

other black eye, the R. R. R. grants their request for publicity. Gentlemen, we present the Class Committee: Gallivan, Hall, Mahony, and Weiner.

Dec. 22-Jan. 2. AH-H-H! (Did you look at any of those many books you brought home from school?)

Jan. 2. Horribile dictu encore Schule . . .

Jan. 3. There are at present in the school two boys who have transferred from English High. We wonder if this is a baseball trade for several or more of our well-known ex-students now on Montgomery Street . . . Mr. Cleary dropped a box full of pennies in the corridor on the first floor and delayed classes for fifteen minutes.

Jan. 4.

(Don't blame the printer for this empty space. We were absent.)

Jan. 7. Assembly for the upper classes. The College Board high marks were read off—with B. L. S., as usual, topping the list . . . Here we present a rare bit of humor (???), previously known to a chosen few. Its author, presumably a master, prefers to remain anonymous, and after reading it, you won't blame him. "There are flat noses and broad noses, narrow noses and pug noses, long noses and short noses, but the best nose of them all is the 'Shadow knows'."

Jan. 8. The R. R. R. tried to do a one-eyed Connelly on the Glee Club this afternoon, but got as far as the door-handle. However, after showing his imitation of a fish-peddler selling his wares, he was promptly admitted. Comprenez-vous? . . . Why is it that whenever we do fifteen lines of the Latin, we always get called on for the sixteenth?

Jan. 9. Geist showed the Physics Club why, but not with what, they should buy streamlined cars . . .

Jan. 10. Today we caught the murmur of the Stamp Club as the members were "gluefully" testing the mucilage of stamps that come from the "sticks." . . .

Jan. 11. Public Declaration. Class I didn't have to attend. . . . Two of our noted declaimers came into school with soiled faces; cried a wit, "Somebody, quick; swab the 'decs'."

Jan. 14. Assembly of lower classes. At 2:35 all members were entertained in the Literary Club (we hope).

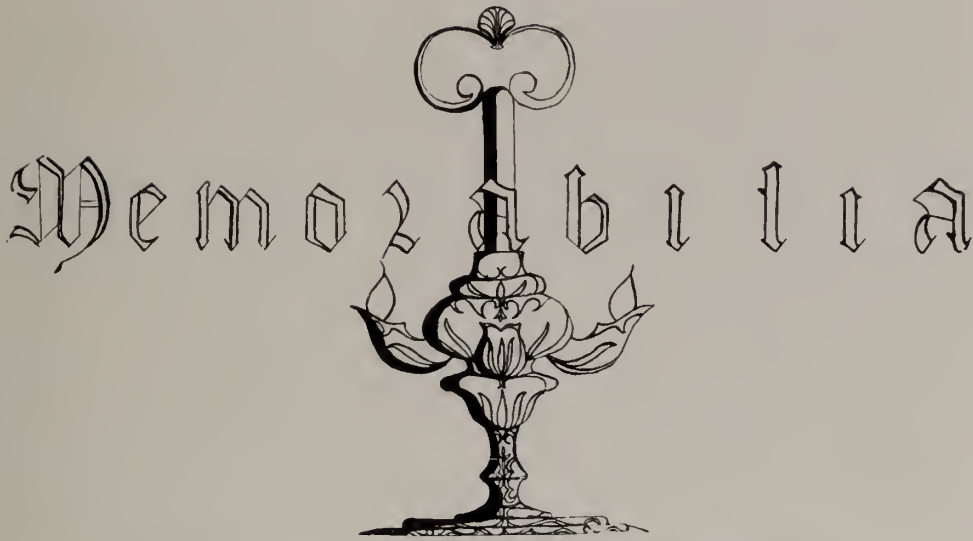
Jan. 15. Tryouts are held for the Tercentenary Pageant to be given in April. The Pageant depicts the entire history of the school in a prologue, nine scenes, and an epilogue. It calls for a cast of one hundred two characters and was written by the following members of the faculty: Messrs. Collins, Russo, Marnell, Mahan, Callanan, Cleary, and Dunn.

Jan. 16. Amid loud protests, the Ring Committee made known the fact that because of the influence of the "grads," the big bad wolf is going to appear on the rings this year. The sad fact that tickets to the "Prom" will set members of Class I back \$3.30 a couple was also revealed.

Jan. 17. The French Club is working eagerly to wrest the title of "Avenue Louis Pasteur Songsters" from the Glee Club. They have graduated from French nursery songs and now are singing popular American jazz numbers in French. For example: Oh, l'objet de mon affection peut changer ma complexion de blanc a rosatre rouge.

Jan. 18. Register deadline. The R. R. R. burns the midnight oil trying to produce a column.

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.retropeR gnivaR s'retsigeR



### THROUGH THE YEARS WITH THE "REGISTER"

January, 1905. "Who can doubt that the perfect man is the man who combines bodily and mental beauty?" We see at our school the supposed development of mental beauty, and incidentally that of physical beauty (?) for a few . . . "It is a frequent comment, and often one of surprise and disapproval that the REGISTER is written almost wholly by the editors. We concur in the opinion that it is to the best interests of the paper for outside contributors to submit their efforts. The editors listen to the same complaint every year—The REGISTER is a closed corporation." By all means no!! We welcome anything that has a fair degree of merit. If you have a contribution, bring it in . . . "Already two South American republics, Chile and Argentina, have agreed to settle all their disputes solely by arbitration, and have begun to disband their armies and navies; at a time not so many decades off, we expect to see the whole world settling their disputes in this way—entirely by arbitration. There is an irresistible impulse moving toward this goal."—And only one

decade after that was written, the great World War. Many organizations are now actively engaged in combating the dreaded menace of war. Their efforts deserve your consideration: think over the problem of war, and wonder whether we shall see another war ten years from the date of this writing . . . "Latin School loyalty may not be seen at a passing glance; but it is there, deep in every Latin School graduate, and it is of the same surpassing quality as every other Latin School virtue." There are many who scoff at tradition and Latin School associations; but as the saying goes, in keeping with the above quotation,—“there'll come a day.” . . . "The Glee Club is larger than usual, and gives promise of even bettering its former good record." Then follows a list of the members—twelve; count them—no more, no less.

January, 1910. Since we could not find a copy of this issue, we can not say anything about it. Of course, it came out twenty-five years ago—a long time; and it probably contained appeals for supporting the REGISTER

and the Track Team. Incidentally, those are two good ideas.

January, 1915. The REGISTER wishes the Track Team a successful and victorious season under the leadership of Captain Martin and Manager Godkin."—and likewise, the REGISTER of 1935 wishes the Track Team of 1935 a successful season under Captains Thompson and Weiner . . . Found under the heading, "Between the Bells," as "A Tip to Some": "If you can't laugh at the jokes of this age, just laugh at the age of these jokes." And keep this in mind when reading our Humor Department, if you find your risibilities unaffected . . . We notice an advertisement of "The Finest Ice Cream Soda in the City—5c." As might well be said, "Those were the good old days." . . .

"If you hear something funny,  
And laugh till you nearly die,  
Please send it to the REGISTER;  
Don't let a joke pass by."

"Ice cream—a very popular dish with only one drawback; i. e., it cannot be conveniently carried in the pocket and eaten in the next recitation." Heh, heh, heh! . . . The REGISTER has received but one contribution from anyone not connected with the staff." Not an uncommon complaint, to say the least . . . Two fellows got into an argument over their ability in lessons. Finally, one of them, losing his temper, cried out to the other: 'Without exception, you are the most conceited ass I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon.' 'Silence, there,' called the teacher, 'you seem to forget that I am in the room.'"

January, 1920. We find here a very clear statement of the facts concerning January, 1920. We find shrdlu n ing the controversy then current over

the College Boards. A reduction in standards would have meant reductions at regular intervals. This is something to keep in mind when we talk about lowering our present day College Board standards. . . . "She laid the still white form beside those that had gone before. No groan, no sigh burst from her. Suddenly she let forth a cry that pierced the still air, making it vibrate in a thousand echoes. It seemed as if it came from her very soul. Twice the cry was repeated, and then all was quiet again. She would lay another egg tomorrow." The above under the title, "Motherhood." . . . : An editorial urges our Alumni to take a greater interest in our school. And, as history repeats itself, let us ask, "Have the Alumni regarded the school in the right light, or have they forgotten?" The school has given much but received little in return. In view of the prominence of the school as the leader in three hundred years of public education in America, Alumni, as well as undergraduates, have something to be proud of . . . Even in 1920, someone has noted, among other "Remarks You May Have Heard (We Wonder Where?)," the following: "Come, come now, boy. You know I can mark you." . . . "Well, at last, boys, it looks as though we were going to get our week's vacation in February, from the twenty-first to the twenty-eighth. It was planned for the last two or three years; but influenza, coal shortage, and infantile paralysis interfered. This year, however, it is ours." Please notice that the above is in quotations.

January, 1925. "In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this



life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on Sept. 15, 1753. Well done, thou good and faithful servant." . . . A word to the wise—"Just because a student has big feet doesn't mean he's in good standing" . . . "Wanted: Boys to learn to play the stringed bass." Incidentally, one boy showed up—a sixth class shaver, less than three feet tall.

January, 1930. "Success in this troubled world is indefinite, intangible, and fleeting." So don't forget, boys; all your successes at B. L. S. are indefinite and fleeting. If we wanted to give good advice, we'd say not to stop trying, however. But we don't; so we won't. Also—the College Boards are coming. Success in them means a year—failure also a year, but in the opposite direction . . . 1629: Indians claim Boston for their own. 1630:

Puritans arrive. 1635: Boston Latin School is born. Trace the connection for yourself. . . . The "Literary Corner" announces the appearance of two new books, giving favorable comment. And five years later, we see that both **have become** best sellers: "The Woman of Andros" and "Arundel." This is only one of the very numerous literary articles to be found in this issue. . . . It is noted that these men have been teaching here the following number of years: Mr. Henderson, 33 years (38 years in 1935); Mr. Arnold and Mr. Winslow, 25 years (30 in 1935). . . . And according to the Freshman intelligence test: "U. S. Grant was a tract of land upon which several battles of the Civil War were fought."

Sherwood D. Fox, '35.

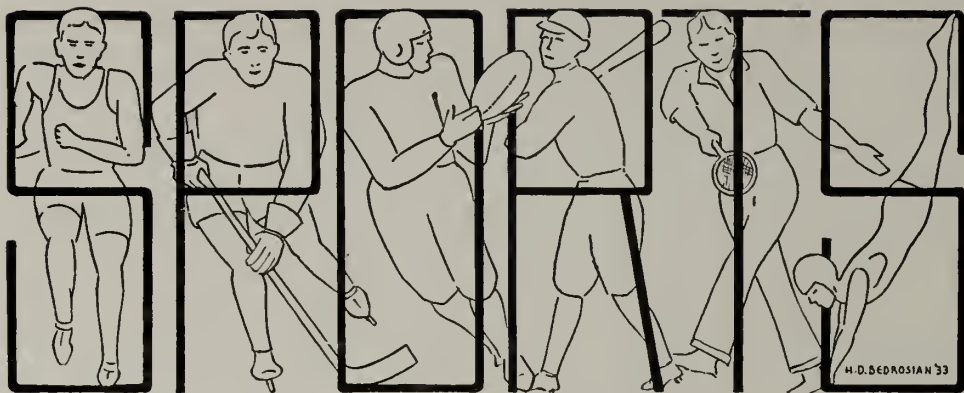
Leon Levinson, '35.

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### THE CLASS MEET

The track season was officially opened Thursday, January 17, when the Seniors maintained their traditional dignity by scoring 57 points; the Sophs scored 37; the Juniors, 32; and the Freshmen, 27, in the annual interclass meet at the East Armory.

This year the prospects appear much brighter in all the divisions, and Coach Fitzgerald anticipates a very successful season. The even distribution of points and the times made in some of the events are significant indications of the power that this team embodies.

Charley Meehan looked like a champion winning the Class "D" dash. In Class "C," Coolen's victory over Red Rosenfield was a great surprise. Unofficial times had Eastman winning the Class "C" "220" in 26 4-5 seconds, and Maurice Halpin doing 22 2-5 seconds in the Junior "176."

The Class "B" "300" proved to be the most spectacular event in this division, with "Dick" Powers turning in the sensational time of 36 2-5 seconds. Although that clocking was unofficial, it indicates that Powers is capable of establishing a new record for this event. "Red" Thompson showed the same ability in winning

the "600" in this class as he did last year when he was city "champ."

In the Senior division, Feinman won the dash from Ben Chiampa; McMillan won the "1000"; and the fast-stepping "Johnny" Powers romped off with the "600." McMillan, who was a hurdler last year, overcame the early lead built up by "Joe" Joseph and then fought off the gun-lap spurt of "Joe" Finkelstein to win in the fast time of 2 minutes, 38 seconds. Powers established an early lead and won handily over "Sonny" Kresser, a likely looking Junior.

The Sophomores scored heavily in the field events, but fell three points short of defeating the Seniors—the final totals being Seniors, 100 points; the Sophomores, 97; the Junior, 54 1-2, and the Freshmen, 33 1-2.

### Running Events

#### Class A

50-yard dash—Won by Harry Feinman, '35; second, Ben Chiampa, '35; third, George Lyons, '35; fourth, Robert Cahill, '35.

1000-yard run—Won by Frank McMillan, '35; second, Joseph Finkelstein, '36; third, Joseph Sheridan, '36; fourth, William O'Connell, '35.

600-yard run—Won by John Powers, '35; second, Irwin Kresser, '36; third, William Spiegle, '35; no fourth.

#### Class B

Anderson, '35; second, Howard Healy.

50-yard hurdles—Won by Charles '35; third, Henry Gillette, '36; fourth, Leon Starr, '35.

300-yard run — Won by Richard Powers, '35; second, Irving Lewis, '35; third, Arnold Patterson, '36; fourth, John McKenna, '35.

50-yard dash — Won by William Smith, '35; second, Gabriel Stabile, '37; third, Roger Schulman, '35; fourth, Kenneth Sullivan, '35.

600-yard run—Won by John Thompson, '35; second, Fred Byer, '36; third, John Hutchinson, '36; fourth William Muldoon, '36.

#### Class C

50-yard hurdles—Won by Ronald Cameron, '37; second, Bernard Stein, '36; third, Morris Levy, '35; fourth, Abraham Slobotkin, '37.

220-yard run — Won by Maurice Eastman, '37; second, Cliff Helman, '37; third, John Bartlett, '37; fourth, Henry Cutler, '38.

440-yard run—Won by Fred Coolen, '38; second, Stanley Rosenfield, '36; third, Ralph Sullivan, '37; fourth, Ronald Woodberry, '37.

50-yard dash—Won by Arthur McDevitt, '36; second, James O'Hara, '36; third, Gerald O'Leary, '38; fourth, Phil Dean, '37.

#### Class D

50-yard hurdles — Won by Alvin Plackter, '37; second, Sidney Vernon, '37; third, Harry Hughes, '37; fourth, Robert Thomas, '37.

176-yard run — Won by Maurice Halpin, '39; second, James Walsh, '38; third, Irvin Stepanski, '38; fourth, William Murphy, '38.

50-yard dash—Won by Charles Meehan, '38; second, David Baraban, '37; third, Kevin O'Connell, '38; fourth, Andrew Smith, '38.

### Field Events

#### Class A

Shot put—Won by Fienman, '35; second, Finkelstein, '36; third, Stabile, '37; fourth, O'Connell, '35. Distance, 45.10.

High jump—Won by Weiner, '35; second, McMillan, '35; third, Anderson, '35; fourth, Thompson, 35. Height, 5.7.

Broad jump—Won by Sullivan, '35; second, Anderson, '35; tie for third between Sheridan, '35, and Fienman, '35. Distance, 8ft. 5 1-4in.

#### Class B

Shot put—Won by Wexler, '37; second, Finkelstein, '36; third, Rodman, '35; fourth, O'Brien, '37. Distance, 40ft.

High jump—Won by Thompson, '35; second, Gillette, '37; third, Rosen, '36; fourth, Patterson, '36. Height, 5ft. 2in.

Broad jump—Won by Rosen, '36; second, Leary, '35; third, Powers, '36; fourth, Donovan, '36. Distance, 8ft. 6in.

#### Class C

Shot put—Won by Dean, '37; second, Bjorklund, '37; third, Breen, '37; fourth, Greenberg, '36. Distance, 41ft. 5in.

Broad jump—Won by Goldman, '35; second, O'Hara, '36; third, Sullivan, '37; fourth, Bjorklund, '37. Distance, 8ft. 5in.

High jump—Tie for first between Dean, '37, and O'Neary, '38; tie for third between Coolen, '38, and O'Hara, '36. Height, 4.8.

## Class D

Shot put—Won by Major, '37; second, Plackter, '37; third, Morer, '37; fourth, Vernon, '37. Distance, 51ft. 8 1-2in.

High jump—Won by Smith, '37; second, Plackter, '37; third, Pelly, '37; fourth, Landry, '38. Height, 4ft. 10in.

Broad jump—Won by Morer, '37; second, Wallace, '37; third, Sobin, '37; tie for fourth between Wexter, '37, and Blackbrow, '37. Distance, 8ft. 3in.



## HUMOR

The hobo knocked at the back door and the lady of the house appeared.

"Lady," he said, "I was at the front—"

"You poor man," she exclaimed. "One of war's victims. Wait till I get you some food, and you shall tell me your story. You were in the trenches, you say?"

"Not in the trenches. I was at the front—"

"Don't try to talk with your mouth full. Take your time. What deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked; but I couldn't make nobody hear, so went around the back."

## SECRETARIES WANTED

If you have no "drag" or "pull" to get into business, the best way to get a job is through knowing shorthand. This is true for girls and doubly true for young men. If any young man is doubtful about his future after High School, I wish he would come in to see me. I could tell him of numerous occasions where a high school or college graduate has gone out of here to be secretary to the president of some organization, and the next year would be a branch manager, office manager or something of the sort.

For years we have had three to five times as many calls for men with a knowledge of shorthand as we have had men applicants. If you think it is a "sissy's" subject, come in and have a talk with me and see some of the men that are taking it. It is the best entrée a man can have.

But our courses at Bryant & Stratton are prepared for young people of both sexes. The **Secretarial** Course, we think, is the best in Boston. It contains all the subjects the secretary ordinarily needs, without the "extras," and can be completed in from forty to eighty weeks, depending on the student. Individual advancement and individual instruction make this possible. It contains such things as Shorthand, Typewriting, Secretarial Accounting, Cataloging and Filing, Business Letter Writing, etc. What is more, it trains one to be more than a secretary — to be an executive. The secretarial part of it is only the first step toward something higher.

A shorter course — the **Stenographic** Course — allows one to concentrate on Shorthand and Typewriting. This course takes about a school year, but may be done in less time.

The Secretarial Course allows you to perform all the duties of a small office, whereas the Stenographic Course would allow you to be a stenographer in a larger office. In either course, if you have had commercial training before, you would start with an advanced standing, which would naturally lessen the time required and, therefore, the tuition.

If you are interested in going into business, I wish that you would come in to talk the matter over with me.

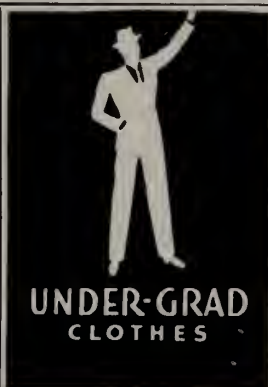
*L. C. White*

Principal

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